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## Christmas on Rocky Ridge.

By A. H. GIBSON.

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IVY WAS HIS FAITHFUL LITTLE NURSE.

In a little solitary cabin, nestled like a bird's nest among the pines and cedars on Rocky Ridge, Milton Fisher was breathing his last.

Three persons stood by the bedside of the dying man—the old gray haired doctor from over in the valley and True and Ivy, Fisher's motherless children.

True was a robust, manly looking boy of fourteen, while his sister, two years younger, was a sweet, earnest faced child, with eyes like the violets blooming in the canyon, and hair like the warmest sunbeams gilding the crests of the Rockies. The old doctor's eyes were moist when they rested pityingly upon the children, so soon to be left orphans.

Indeed, as they knelt and tearfully listened to their father's last words.

"True," the dying man said, placing his thin hand on the lad's brown curls, "you and Ivy stick to each other and stick to the little claim in the canyon. Try not to feel too lonesome when your dad's gone. Your Uncle Jim will come as soon as he hears the word. The doctor has given me his promise to write to Jim, and I know he'll come back and look after you. Remember to stick to the claim, for, mind I tell you, you'll find yaller dirt there some time. Stay here in the cabin till Jim comes; then he'll go to work on the claim. He'll find the gold, for it's there!"

And with his old faith in the valueableness of the claim in the canyon strong as ever, Milton Fisher passed away.

It was a hard struggle for those lonely children to fight life's battle without father or mother. But they went bravely to work to make the most of their circumstances.

The Fishers were very poor. Two years before Milton Fisher, whose footsteps had always seemed to dog with remorseless persistency, had joined an emigrant train, starting from Missouri to Colorado. They had brought nothing but themselves and a few household goods in a dilapidated looking covered wagon, drawn by one mule and a stout Indian pony.

After the father's death some of the settlers in the valley tried to persuade Ivy to leave the isolated old cabin on Rocky Ridge. But she would not go. When urged to do so she always said:

"No, True and I must stick together, 'cause pap said so. I know we're mighty poor, but we can work, and I know we'll get along some way till Uncle Jim comes."

True had intended to rent a piece of land in the valley and put in a small crop; but the mule fell from the cliff and broke its neck, so he was forced to do something else. He hired himself to a farmer three miles distant to help clear out some irrigating ditches. He did not receive a man's wages for his services, and considering the cost of living in that part of the west his earnings amounted to a mere pittance.

But Ivy was a little household economist, and they managed to get along much better than might have been imagined until True met with an accident.

While helping the farmer to split some timbers the ax had slipped, cutting his foot so badly as to lay him up for several weeks. Ivy was his faithful little nurse, and was ever ready to cheer him up when his patience showed signs of giving out.

It was in the fall of the year when True cut his foot. The deciduous trees began to shed their foliage, but Uncle Jim had not come yet.

The doctor had written three letters, addressing them to a frontier postoffice in Wyoming where Jim Fisher had been last heard from.

But no answer came back, and as Jim was a kind of rover, spending his time in hunting, trapping and mining, it was likely that he did not receive the letters. Now that True was disabled, the lonely young dwellers on Rocky Ridge felt their isolation and orphanage more keenly, and longed for the presence of Uncle Jim.

Autumn gave place to winter chill, but brought no tidings of the wanderer. True's foot proved more obstinate about healing than had at first been predicted. A heavy cold added to his trouble, and Christmas eve found him still confined to the cabin.

"Oh, dear!" he sighed dolefully. "Tomorrow's Christmas, and here I am on account yet. I hoped all along I'd be able to work before this and make a nice Christmas for you. It won't seem a bit like Christmas to be housed up this way. I meant to make it seem like old times to you, Ivy."

It was hard for the energetic boy to be there so helpless, and there was something very pathetic in one of his years calling up "old times." Ivy realized this in a vague kind of way, but resolutely repressing the tears she returned gently:

"Try not to mind, True. We'll make it as happy a Christmas as we can. When Uncle Jim gets back we'll make up to you all you've missed by lying here so long."

"I don't believe that Uncle Jim is ever coming back, Ivy."

"Oh, yes he is, True! Don't lose heart so," she sought to encourage him.

"I hadn't ought to, I know, when you are so kind to me, and wait on me as if I was a baby. But I ain't much better; I've been poned up here so long with this sore foot," he said gloomily.

"Don't fret, True. We'll have a nice Christmas yet."

"I ought to be ashamed to worry when you are so patient, and I will try not to fret any more."

"Maybe God won't forget us away up here on Rocky Ridge this Christmas. Now try to sleep, True." And kissing him softly she smoothed the covers over him. "You'll feel better when you wake up, then I'll give you some supper."

She sang softly about her simple household tasks, until the boy's regular breathing told her that he slept.

"Poor True!" she said to herself. "I wish I had something nice to cheer him up on Christmas. Not being well makes him feel more disappointed like. I do wish."

She laid aside the old stockings which she was mending for True, then she arose and went to the little window and looked out. Far up on the Rockies' barren heights were the vast accumulations of eternal snows. The sun, well down the western slope, touched them into dazzling opalescent colors. Something of the beauty and sublimity of the mountain scenery stirred the soul of the little girl, and she murmured to herself:

"It is Christmas eve, and he was poor, too—was born in a manger, the good book says. But how lovely he has made the whole earth!"

Then her thoughts returned to True. "If I just had something good for True's supper I'd feel a sight better. He's weak and discouraged like and don't relish potatoes, cornbread and dried beef, and that's the best there is in the cabin. I might ride down to Buffles' store and ask him to let me have an apple or orange. I expect they're awful dear now and he's mighty close, but maybe if I'd go and ask him he'd let me have something for True. I hate to face old Buffles, he's so crusty; but it's for True, and I'll go."

Putting a few sticks of wood on the fireplace she wrapped an old faded nubia around her head and prepared to leave the cabin.

"He won't wake before I get back," she said, looking toward the sleeper. "I'll make Bonny travel her best."

## II.



IVY WAS SOON SPEEDING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL.

Bonny was grazing in the canyon, where the sturdy shrubs and grasses managed to resist the chill of winter up on the ridge and the heights above the cabin. She was easily caught, and Ivy being an expert rider was soon speeding along down the mountain trail which led to Buffles' store.

Josh Buffles was a crusty old fellow, who kept a grocery and general notion store next door to a saloon in the outskirts of the settlement in the valley. The Fisher children had never dealt with Buffles. He was so close fisted and required such a great profit on all his sales that they had been obliged to do their trading at the small mining town seven miles distant from Rocky Ridge.

The air was sharp, and Ivy's thinly clad figure felt the chillness keenly, but the thought of how glad she was going to make the sick boy made her almost dumb to the discomfort of her long, cold ride down the mountain.

As she approached Buffles' store she noticed that the saloon next door was filled with rough men, drinking and preening in a shocking manner.

She shuddered at the sight, and her first impulse was to ride away as fast as Bonny could carry her. But she remembered True, and dismounting she hunched the pony near the store and entered.

The store was quite deserted, save by the unprepossessing proprietor himself and a tall, lean boy who occupied an empty soap box by the rusty stove.

Buffles stood behind the counter, and as Ivy came toward him he fixed his hawkish gray eyes upon her with a stare that was repellent.

"Oh, sir!" she began, nervously fingering one ragged edge of the nubia, anxious to dispatch her business and hurry home. "My brother's laid up in the cabin—he's been sick a long time—and I want to get something nice for his Christmas, an orange or apple," and she looked longingly at the display of fruits and candies arranged on the shelves.

"Have you any money?" the merchant asked shortly.

"No, sir," and her face fell despairingly.

"Then how'd yer 'spect ter git anythin'?" "I'm done doin any credit business," he announced savagely.

Ivy's face flushed hotly, but lifting her blue eyes appealingly to the man's hardened visage she said, "You might let me have one o' them big oranges, and I could pay you in work for it."

"I'd like to know what yer could do fer me," he remarked scornfully.

"I could come down here and scrub your floor, wash your windows, clean up your stove and do lots of things if you'd let me," she returned, looking at the dirt begrimed floor and windows, which had evidently not taken a bath for twelve months or more.

"Yer Miss Fisher's little gal, ain't yer?" he asked, ignoring her reference to the uncleanness of his establishment.

"Yes, sir," she answered, conscious from the expression of his countenance that she had appealed to him in vain.

"Yer dad owed me, and it's high time yer kids was doin somethin ter settle the account," he said sharply.

"I never heard my pap say he owed you," she retorted.

"I hol a account agin yer Fishers far thirty dollars. It's ter fittin yer Uncle Jim when he comes ter Wyoming."

Jim got it was his security for the traps Jim got. "Yer dad was a plumb fool ter take sich security, but yer dad was allus so durnedartin o' stridin gold on that claim o' his in the canyon that I kinder believed in him. The note orto been paid two months ago, but I've been kinder waitin ter give yer kids a chance ter settle without dunnin. But I reckon yer 'bout as dishonest as yer dad."

"My pap wasn't dishonest!" Ivy cried spiritedly. "I expect pap thought Uncle Jim would be back and pay it himself. He ought to have been four months ago."

"Yer Uncle Jim has shelled out fer good, and yer not likely ever ter see him back in these parts agin. But yer dad's property stands good fer my thirty dollars' worth o' traps that Jim Fisher got off with. Is the critter yer rid up hyer a bit ago yer own?"

"Yes, sir; it's all the horse we have left."

"Waal, I'll take the critter and call it square."

"Oh, please, sir," pleaded Ivy, unable to keep the tears back, "don't take Bonny! She's all that's left True and me. We couldn't live without her, indeed we couldn't!"

Tears and pleading, however, were of no avail in moving the flinty, miserly heart of old Josh Buffles. Calling the lean boy from the soap box, he ordered him to lead Bonny away.

As the boy left the store to do his bidding, Buffles turned to Ivy, saying:

"Come, sissy! Dry up now. Customers will be comin in soon, and I ain't to be annoyed by a cryin gal. Yer'd best rack out home now."

Without turning her head to look at the shelves laden for the holiday trade, Ivy walked out of the store. She paused on the steps to take a last look at her favorite, but the boy had already disappeared from view with his horse.

With her young heart in a tumult of fresh troubles, she hurried away from the store. It was bad enough to return to True without a thing for his Christmas, she thought, but ten times worse to have Bonny taken on a debt of which she knew nothing.

## III.

About a half mile from Buffles' store she sat down on a rock by the mountain trail to give her tears full vent. How could she go back to True and report the loss of Bonny? She knew the intelligence would nearly kill him, so much did he love the pony.

Down the trail came a half dozen horsemen. Their reckless manner of riding, as well as their general costumes, proclaimed them cowboys. They belonged to Murray's " outfit," in charge of a large cattle ranch, over in Deer Creek valley, and were on their way to celebrate Christmas eve in "roaring style" at Pinder's saloon, next door to Buffles' store.

Suddenly Jack Isley and Ben Spiker, who were riding ahead, came to a halt. Springing from their saddles they rushed toward an object by the trail.

When their companions rode up they saw Jack and Ben bending over a small figure by the roadside.

"A little gal, an she's fainted dead away," answered Spiker, who was trying to restore the unconscious child.

Presently she recovered, and, sitting up, glanced wonderingly at the rough but kindly faces bent over her so full of sympathy.

"Don't be afraid, Snowdrop, yer be ermost good friends," Spiker reassured her.

Ivy was trembling with the cold, and Jack Isley took his coat off and wrapped it snugly around her, saying:

"Thar, Snowdrop, thell keep you a bit more comfortable. Now, tell us whar yer was goin'."

"Home," she answered simply. "On whar's that?"

"On Rocky Ridge."

"Oh! with a whistle. 'Yer Miss Fisher's little gal, I 'low?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Wot brings yer out hyer a-foot an erlone so fur from home?" inquired Spiker.

"My brother's sick at the cabin, and I went down to Buffles' store to get him a present for his Christmas, an she strove to explain. "I rode Bonny, my pony, but—she and she broke down and began to cry bitterly."



"A little gal, an she's fainted dead away."

Those rough fellows knelt on the frozen ground by her side and spoke soothingly to the poor child. She became calmer

and by degrees they succeeded in drawing the whole story from her.

When Ivy had finished the simple but pathetic recital of her troubles, Jack said:

"Fellers, a man who'll treat a little orphan gal so all-fired mean ought to be taught a lesson."

"Thet he had!" agreed his companions.

"He orto hev a committee ter wait on him."

"An sorter pint out his duty to him."

"An show him how er citizen o' the United States should conduct himself toward them as is orphans indeed."

"An specially on Christmas times, when ther angel kem down from Bethlehem an writ about peace on yearth, good will to men, yer know."

"Ialey allus was powerful on cothin scriptur," remarked Spiker admiringly.

"Thet yer missed yer callin when yer tack ter cowpunchin stid o' preachin. I make er motion that us galoots rides down to the settlement an that Ialey delivers a Christmas sermon ter ole Josh Buffles."

For reply the cowboys tossed up their sombreros and gave three shouts for "ther parson, Jack Isley."

"Eyer, Snowdrop," said Spiker to Ivy, "yer must ride behind me back ter ole Buffles. We're jusice an jurisprudence comin, an yer wrongs air ter be righted. It's Christmas eve, an Parson Isley will open services in a jiffy fur ther benefit o' ole skindint Buffles."

So saying, Ivy was assisted to a seat behind Spiker, and they were soon riding rapidly toward the settlement.

"Look hyer!" commanded Jack Isley, as they approached the store, "don't let me ketch ary galoot o' yer hangin 'round ole Pinder's swill tubs while meetin's in progress. The parson has spoke!"

When they reached the store they dismounted and entered. Isley and Spiker with Ivy in the lead, followed by the rest of Murray's cowpunchers.

"Hello, O's Buff!" greeted Isley. "It bein Christmas eve we thought we'd drop in an hold er little missionary sermon an sort o' prayer meetin with yer, an wrastle er bit fur yer conversion. Ef any man has need o' the prayers o' God's folks it's an ole galoot like yer, who kin take the last critter two pore orphan children has on er ole account thet they couldn't help. Why, the heart o' the meanest galoot in the canyon orto half way be throbbin an cavortin with some good Christmas impulses."

"So syth ther parson!" cried Spiker. "Selah!" and the building shook with hearty applause.

Pinder and his drinking gang came rushing out of the saloon, and stood around the store door to see what "Murray's outfit" was up to.

Buffles hung his head sullenly. He knew Murray's cowboys, and thoroughly realized how valuable was silence before them.

"Hyar, Duke!" Isley called to one of the cowboys. "You mosey 'round ter ther stable an fetch Snowdrop's critter out."



JACK ISLEY COVERED BUFFLES WITH A LARGE REVOLVER.

As Duke hurried off to obey "the parson's orders" Isley again gave his attention to the morose storekeeper.

"Yer never was knowed ter make er Christmas present in all yer skindint life. I'll give yer jest five minutes ter present Snowdrop hyer with thet note yer hold agin her dad, who's dead. Be spy erbout it too. I don't want any Waterbury movement erbout this thing!"

You time him, Spiker.

Ben drew out a silver watch attached to a leather string, while Jack Isley covered Buffles with a large revolver.

He dared not refuse to comply, and marching in a dogged manner back of an old safe he drew out a piece of paper which he handed Isley, who examined it carefully.

"It's the genuine dockymint," approved "the parson." "Now give it to this little gal an make a presentation, sissy. Lurry up! This is one o' them speer kind o' uncontrollable shootin irons, an I kain't hold it."

Thus forcibly persuaded, Buffles took the note, and giving a stubborn jerk to each word said:

"Thar, sissy, is a Christmas present fur yer."

"What is it?" asked the little girl as Buffles thrust the paper into her hand.

"Take keer o' thet, Snowdrop," said Isley, "with thet ter show, old skinner hyer kain't ever kem outen yer fer thet debt."

"Yer yer critter at ther door, Snowdrop," announced Spiker.

Ivy waited to hear no more, and concealing the note in her dress she ran out to claim Bonny, her heart too full for utterance or thanks.

Presently Spiker followed her, his arms full of various packages.

"Wot's them?" asked the cowboy who had brought Bonny back.

"Christmas fairs fur Snowdrop an her brother. I'm ordered ter sort her safe ter ther cabin. 'The parson' says we're all ter celebrate Christmas eve up ter Rocky Ridge and help cheer up them lone children stid o' cavortin round down hyer at Pinder's."

Ben assisted Ivy to mount Bonny, and then they rode away together.

Meantime Jack Isley prepared to close "the meetin held fur ole Josh Buffles' benefit."

"See hyer," he said, approaching the discomfited storekeeper who was leaning against the counter, his countenance lowering and dejected; "don't go to sulkin 'cause yer done one good deed in yer life. How much was Fisher's debt?"

## Is Life Worth Living?

That depends upon the Liver. If the Liver is inactive the whole system is out of order—the breath is bad, digestion poor, head dull or aching, energy and hopefulness gone, the spirit is depressed, a heavy weight exists after eating, with general despondency and the blues. The Liver is the housekeeper of the health; and a harmless, simple remedy that acts like Nature, does not constipate afterwards or require constant taking, does not interfere with business or pleasure during its use, makes Simmons' Liver Regulator a medical perfection.

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H. H. Jones, Mason, Ga.

"Thirty dollars," was the crusty answer.

Jack tossed a crisp fifty dollar bill to him, saying, "Thar's ter pay yer fur Fisher's note an ther notions Ben made yer wrap up. Take it, an let's see a Christmas smile on yer countenance 'bout ther size o' er broncho's kick."

Buffles took the bill, mumbling something about change.

"Never mind erbout change," Jack replied. "Thet's nothin ter reward such a man as yer, Mr. Buffles. Yartne orto be recognized. Now this meetin's done with yer fur the present, but as er sort o' doxology to wot's gone before, I want ter warn yer ter be lookin out. Ther big S'preme Court that sets across ther Divide won't treat yer case so all-fired leniently. Christmas is a mighty good time ter practice charity an git sorted himbled up fur the great round up on the other shore. Yer hear me? Then heed. Now wrap us up some o' yer best oysters, crackers, white sugar, lemons, raisins and canned goods. We be nimin ter go up ter Rocky Ridge and have a Christmas with them Fisher children, an sorter act like white folks with souls."

As "the parson" started away with his men, carrying their various stores, they encountered a man riding a jaded mule. He was headed toward Buffles' store.

"Hello, stranger!" greeted Isley. "Whar yer be aimin fur?"

"Bein as yer so civil, I've a good notion ter tell yer," returned the man, halting and pushing his hat back.

"Why! Hang my hide, ef it hain't ole Jim Fisher!" cried Isley, riding forward and taking possession of his hand which he shook heartily. "When did yer last?"

"Jest now. Jest heered o' Milt's death a few days ago, and racked right out. I was trappin up in Wyoming, got nearly froze to death last winter, an was mighty puny a little while gettin the word. I sold out my furs, an lit right out for Rocky Ridge, 'cause I know them kids is needin me."

"Yes, they're needin yer powerful bad, Jim. We've jest started up ter ther cabin ter hev a sort o' Christmas jubilee ter cheer 'em up."

"Good for yer, Jack Isley! Jest wait till I ride over ter ole Buffles' an fix up a debt I promised ter pay him the minute I landed, an I'll jine yer."

"Hold on, Jim! Thet debt's hquered, and ole Buff has a Christmas grin a mile long on his purty features."

It was indeed a happy Christmas reunion that took place between Jim Fisher and his brother's children. Rocky Ridge resounded with robust, kindly cheer, and the cowboys felt that they had missed nothing by foregoing their purposed celebration at Pinder's saloon to give pleasure to a little girl and her sick brother.

Kid hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood. Glad hearts must have smiled over Rocky Ridge that Christmas, while down in the valley Josh Buffles caught a view of his own soul, dwarfed and grasping and shuddered at the revelation.

Milton Fisher's faith in the valueableness of his claim had not been misplaced. Jim devoted himself earnestly to the interests of his young charges. Gold was discovered in the canyon, and before the dawn of the next Christmas on Rocky Ridge True and Ivy had comfort in abundance.

## THE END.

"Heap on More Wood."

Heap on more wood—the wind is chill; but let it whistle as it will, we'll keep our merry Christmas here. Each age has deemed the new born year the fittest time for festal cheer.

And well our Christian sires of old Loved when the year its course had rolled, And brought blithe Christmas back again, With all its hospitable train.

Domestic and religious rite Gave honor to the holy night; On Christmas eve the bells were rung: On Christmas eve the mass was sung: Thet holy night of all the year Saw the stolen priest the chalice rear.

—Walter Scott.

"But, Edith, if you do not love Charles, you should break your engagement," said her mother sternly. "Yes, I know, mamma, but it seems such a pity to break it off right now in the middle of the holidays, don't you see?"—St. Joseph's News.

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The San Francisco Grand Jury, which has been endeavoring in the face of many obstacles to expose raciality and bring the race to justice, has filed a report in Judge Wallace's Court, San Francisco, though the hoodlums and bribers attempted by threats and injunctions to prevent it. A part of the report has been published. It opens with a statement of the facts in the legal controversy which resulted in the Supreme Court declaring that the jury was illegally impaneled.

It says the members of the Assembly intent upon theft do not appear to have been organized for plunder under the strict military discipline of the Senate. The Captains in the Assembly received more and the privates less than the average of \$7,000 paid to each of the members of the Senatorial committee.

In all the shameful traffic in the Legislature, the Grand Jury says, there was no politics. The men were neither Republicans nor Democrats, but simply thieves. The price paid for votes at Sacramento was known to lobbyists and discussed at hotels and in bar rooms, and the report states that if the Supreme Court had not interfered the jury would have initiated measures that would have resulted in the permanent abatement of this evil, which threatens the very existence of Christian civilization.

The Board of Supervisors it finds to be controlled by political bosses, who demand blackmail from corporations, the penalty of refusal being a threat of adverse law or ordinance. This, the report designates organized brigandage, yet the corporations submit without a murmur, and only with the greatest difficulty could the jury induce them to divulge anything, for they allege that the Board of Supervisors would punish them if they squealed.

A director of a corporation testified that his company paid Buckley for five years up to the end of last month a stipend averaging \$400 a month, and in addition his concern had to pay to the bosses in one instance \$3,000 on the eve of election. It was understood that other corporations paid like tribute and that the bosses received \$100,000 a year from that source alone. It also appears that from a large number, probably reaching into hundreds, of employees of the city government certain per centages of their salaries were collected by the bosses.

It says Gibbon, describing the condition of Western Europe before the accession of Charlemagne, said he did not know whether there was more vice or less virtue, and that description would not be amiss to-day in California. The rapacious hordes should be driven into the sea, but the jury is forced to the melancholy conclusion that unless the railroads refrain from participation in politics, there is no remedy.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

Christmas is a festival of the Christian Church which is observed to-day in every civilized country except Russia, which still adheres to the "old style" and observes Christmas eleven days later. It is supposed to be the anniversary of the birth of the Savior. Its institution is attributed by the decretal letters to Pope Telephorus, who died A. D. 189. In the fourth century Pope Julius ordered an investigation concerning the day of Christ's nativity, about which considerable doubt existed, and the result was an agreement upon the 25th of December. During the Middle Ages the day was celebrated by dramatic mysteries and moralities performed by personages in grotesque masks and singular costumes. The feast of fools and of asses occurred at Christmas tide. It was a saturnalia in which libations and feasting were carried to excess, and everything serious was burlesqued.

In England in the castles of the barons a "Lord of Misrule" or "Abbot of Unreason," who was appointed at All-Hallow eve, held dominion during the Christmas festivities, which lasted ten or twelve days. The custom of decking houses with evergreens was derived from Druid practices, the belief being that sylvan spirits would flock to the evergreens.

In Germany and the north of Europe Christmas eve is devoted to giving presents, which are hung on a Christmas tree and generally distributed by Knecht Rupprecht, the German Santa Claus.

In the United States Christmas is observed by religious services and making presents. Christmas trees on which presents are hung are general, and churches and sometimes houses are trimmed with evergreens. Santa Claus, originally introduced by the Dutch settlers of New York, distributes presents from every Christmas tree and fills the stockings of good children with candies and other delicacies.

The Pilgrims who settled New England frowned upon Christmas as a superstitious incident in the Romish year, and the Mayflower brought no Christmas tree across the Atlantic. In Virginia and Maryland, on the contrary, the day was celebrated by the Cavaliers as it had been in "Merrie England," and masters and slaves observed it by feasting and rejoicing.

Up to the beginning of the present century Christmas was not publicly observed in New England, and Christmas

trees were unknown. Now the custom of giving presents and feasting is general throughout the country, and the day is a State and National holiday. It is a time of merry making and feasting, and the Journal hopes that to each and all of its readers it will be a Merry Christmas.

The Christmas Gazette, issued last evening, is a very creditable number. It consists of twelve pages, much of the matter being original and interesting and some of the illustrations new.

## BY TELEGRAPH!

## News of Importance From Home and Abroad.

**Frightful Railroad Accident—An Order Closing Monasteries Causes Trouble.**  
CITY OF MEXICO, December 24.—A collision occurred to-day near Chetumal on the Southern Railroad, resulting in the death of twelve persons.

The District Judge recently issued orders to the police and troops for closing four monasteries in Puebla on the ground that the maintenance of these institutions is contrary to law. Upon the carrying out of the Judge's orders to-day the people revolted and a fight between the people on one side and the police and soldiers on the other followed, during which one person was killed and four others wounded. Accounts of the affair are conflicting. The clergy on one hand, assert that they were torn from the altars, leaving the sacrament exposed, dragged through the streets by troops and subjected to many humiliations. The populace arose en masse and offered considerable resistance to the troops, crying "Viva la religion, death to Masons." Twenty-six priests were arrested. Puebla is in a state of great excitement. Governor Marquez of the province is absent and acting Governor Arroyo, who is really responsible for the order, has sent an envoy to the City of Puebla.

**The Feud of Two Brothers.**  
CAMBON, December 24.—Lawrence Siddons, a watchmaker, died yesterday of Bright's disease and will be buried to-day. Tim Dempsey telegraphed to his brother, William M. Siddons of Sacramento, who wired back: "I have no brother that I know of in your city." When the Civil War broke out Lawrence turned to the South and William to the North. This action brought about a feud and both frequently passed each other on the street without speaking. William in anger stated that he had disowned Lawrence as his kin and has ever since kept it up.

**Conference of the Railway Telegraphers.**  
SAN FRANCISCO, December 24.—Chief Ramsey of the Brotherhood of Railway Telegraphers of the United States arrived here to-day. On Saturday next a conference will be held by Ramsey and the grievance committee from Western Divisions, consisting of train men, operators, conductors, engineers and railway machinists of the Southern Pacific and other roads for the purpose of seeking the withdrawal of objections to railway employees becoming members of their orders.

**Ordered to the Front.**  
AMSTERDAM, December 24.—To a request from Major General Stanley, commanding the troops of this State, asking a co-operation on account of Garza's invasion from Mexico and the killing of Corporal Ediston by Garza's band on Texas soil, Governor Hogg ordered all the Texas Rangers available to march at once to the scene of the conflict.

**The Coal Miners' Strike a Failure.**  
TERRE HAUTE, Ind., December 24.—The striking coal miners of Indiana have suffered defeat. The struggle for increased wages inaugurated two months ago has failed and the men will return to work immediately at the old rates. This course was decided upon by the delegates' convention here to-day.

**The Portlanders' Win.**  
SAN FRANCISCO, December 24.—The Portlanders had an easy victory over the San Jose team to-day, winning by a score of 7 to 1. The game was the last of the championship series and the receipts were given to the orphanage children.

**Favor a Union With the United States.**  
LONDON, Ont., December 24.—At a public meeting held in Inneskip, Ontario, last night a resolution was carried favoring a political union with the United States as a means of bringing prosperity to the people of Canada.

**Russia to Support France.**  
St. Petersburg, December 24.—The Russian Government has decided to support France in an application to the Powers to enforce Bulgaria's observance of the capitulation between France and Bulgaria.

**Acquitted on the Grounds of Insanity.**  
NEW YORK, December 24.—John George Roth, the would-be murderer of Rev. Dr. Hall of this city, was acquitted to-day on the ground of insanity.

**A Prize Fight in Idaho.**  
BOISE, December 24.—Reddy Brannon of Streator, Ill., knocked out Jack Flynn of Kansas City in fourteen rounds early this morning.

**Shut the Door.**  
You hear it constantly. People feel the draughts but they never think of the over-draughts upon nature which impair the digestive organs, and makes the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator necessary to effectually move the liver to action, and aid the digestive and assimilative powers of the body. The Regulator is the medicine for all disorders of the stomach. Try it and be convinced.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

We wish to inform the public that we keep the lowest priced house in town, where all kinds of refreshments, meals, lunches, fine liquors, native and foreign wines, draught beer 5 cent cigars and well ventilated lodgings with good beds can be obtained. Our continued good business is in itself a recommendation, and we wish to increase it. Let all those come who never came before, and those who have, now come the more. Stroh & Block, Commercial Row.

## Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation, curative power superior to any other article. A Boston lady who knew what she wanted, and whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

## To Get

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was. I had taken it, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other."

## Hood's

When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable, suffering a great deal with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly stand. I looked, and had for some time, like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." MRS. ELLA A. GOW, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

## Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

## NEW TO-DAY.

**M'KISSICK'S OPERA HOUSE.**  
JOHN PIPER, MANAGER.  
Three Nights, With New Year's and Saturday Matinees.  
Commencing Thursday Ev'ng, Dec. 31, 1891.

**THE WILBER COMPANY.**  
Supporting the versatile Actor.  
**JAMES R. McCANN.**  
And the charming Actress,  
**LIZZIE KENDALL.**

A repertoire of pronounced Comedy and Dramatic successes, with a change of play nightly. Opening bill, the picturesque Southern Comedy Drama.

**The Planter's Wife.**  
New Year's Matinee

**RIP VAN WINKLE.**  
Friday night

**THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.**  
Saturday Matinee.

**THE TWO ORPHANS.**  
Saturday night, Mrs. A. R. Wilber's dramatization of Dumas' famous novel

**THE CLEMENCEAU CASE.**

**SCALE OF PRICES.**  
Admission 25c, 50c, or 40c; no higher. Seats now on sale at Finnigan's drug store.

**ARCADE RESTAURANT AND ICE CREAM PARLORS.**

THE UNDERGROUND HAS OPENED IN THE Arcade Hotel, first-class Ice Cream Parlors and Restaurant, and will serve patrons with Soda, Candies and Confectionery.

And serve the same in private booths and family dining rooms, free from observation or intrusion.

**PARTIES SUPPLIED.**

**GIVE ME A CALL.**  
see 12nd H. J. GREENBOWER.

**C. J. BROOKINS,**

**VARIETY STORE**

Pianos, Organs, Toys, Sheet Music, Yankee Notions, Books, Stationery, Cattery, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, Etc., Etc.  
NO. 13, VIRGINIA STREET, RENO, NEV.

**THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.**

THIS WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR HOTEL is a three stories in height and contains of rooms all well lighted and sunny, and furnished in modern style. The dining room is a home for the traveler, where he can get the very best the market affords, and the bar is second to none in the State. Try the Grand Central once and you won't stop anywhere else.  
DAN O'KEEFE, Proprietor.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**CARRIAGES AND PHAETONS.**  
I HAVE JUST RECEIVED THE FINEST LOT of double and single Carriages, Buggies and Phaetons ever brought to this market.  
—Agent for the Celebrated—  
Studebaker and U. S. Carriage Co., OF OHIO.  
—A Fine Assortment of—  
**FRAZER CARTS AND BUGGIES**  
I also carry a large stock of Iron Axles and Hardware in endless variety, and do  
**A General Blacksmithing Business.**  
Shop, corner Fourth and Sierra Sts., Reno Nevada. Give me a call and be convinced.  
W. J. LUKK.

**WASHOE BREWERY SALOON.**  
UNCLE STROH & BLOCK, Proprietors.  
Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada.  
**WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.**  
Beer on draught, 50 per Glass.

**CHOP HOUSE AND LUNCH STAND.**  
Meals Cooked to order in the presence of guests by an experienced cook.

**GOOD LODGINGS**  
STROH & BLOCK.  
**FOR SALE OR TRADE.**

**ONE STANDARD STALLION,**  
(NO. 7187.)

Daily registered in Wallace's American Trotting Register, under Rule 7, Volume 7. Foaled in 1895. One trotting buggy mare, Lady, 4 year old. One family driving gelding, by Shinar and Lady, 4 years old. Two 20-month-old colts, bred by Oran. One pair sorrel colts, weight 2,000. One very gentle woman's driving horse, 5 years old. One farm wagon. One pair extra fine game driving and working mares, English Glory and Pumas stock, 5 years old, weight 3,000. One brood mare, supposed to be in foal by Oran. One standard Holstein bull, 4 years old. Three weanling colts. Apply to A. T. Rice, or Grant Rice, P. O. box 261 Reno, Nevada.

**TRUCKEE MARKET.**

**W. S. BAILEY, Prop.**

**Wholesale and Retail Butcher**

**FRESH BEEF, MUTTON, PORK,**  
veal and sausage constantly on hand.

**Ham, Bacon and Smoked Beef**  
Specialty.

Also Office—Truckee Market, Virginia St. Reno, Nev. Market—Second floor from Main Building Commercial Row 4

**ALFRED NELSON,**  
Dealer in Imported and Domestic

**GIGARS AND TOBACCO.**

Also General Assortment of Hats, Gloves and Men's Underwear. And a Large and Well Selected Line of

**CUTLERY AND NOTIONS.**

West Side of Virginia St. Reno, Nev. A Marble Sidewalk Marks the Store.

**W. I. THOMAS**

**PLUMBING, TINNING AND GAS-FITTING.**

Orders promptly attended to and all work guaranteed.

Opera House block, Reno, Nevada.

**STEAMBOAT SPRINGS.**

Nature's Sanitarium.

This Famous Health Resort is now open for the season.

**BATHS.**

Also Swimming and Tanning. J. T. MURPHY, Proprietor.

**RANCH FOR RENT**

I HAVE A FINE RANCH CONTAINING 640 acres of land near Lovelocks to let on shares or for cash.

100 ACRES IN ALFALFA

With good water right. For further particulars address, ED. M. EMMONS, Lovelocks, Nev.

**ANNUAL MEETING.**

THE REGULAR ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of the Reno Manufacturing Company will be held at the office of the company, corner Virginia and First streets, Reno, Nevada, on Monday, January 4, 1892, at 7 P. M. for the purpose of electing a Board of Trustees to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. J. L. STEVENSON, Secretary.

**THE MONARCH SALOON.**

VIRGINIA STREET, - - - - - RENO

**FINEST WINES, LIQUORS**

**AND CIGARS.**

GEORGE HUMPHREYS, PROP.

**I. N. BAKELESS,**

—DEALER IN—  
Groceries and Provisions, Vegetables and Fruits

Of all kinds. Goods delivered free to all parts of the city.

East Side Virginia Street, Bet. 2nd and Commercial Row, Reno.

**A NADON,**

**BLACKSMITH SHOP.**

ALL KINDS OF BLACKSMITHING DONE IN a workmanlike manner at short notice. Repairs all kinds of miners' and farmers' machinery and tools, wagon work, etc.

Wagons, Carts, and Buggies of my own manufacture for sale.

Horse shoeing and general blacksmithing, fourth street between Virginia and Sierra, Reno, Nevada.

**Wanted.**

A single man wants to rent a cabin or small room furnished for house keeping during the winter. Address "H" this office.

**Take Notice.**

The Bank of Nevada offers for sale the Jack O'Brien ranch, situated near Wadsworth on the Truckee river. This is a rare chance to buy a good ranch cheap. Address, Bank of Nevada, Reno, Nevada.

**To Stockmen and Others.**

J. Wadsworth no test to order make heavy French kip shoes, full stitch, for \$5. Try a pair. Repairing cheap and prompt. A few doors below the Postoffice. A specialty of ladies' shoes, from \$5 up, and men's boots. de 15

## FIFTY-CENT COLUMB.

All classes of legitimate advertisements not exceeding six lines, inserted in this column at 50 Cents per Week.

**Are Your Legs Cold?**  
Buy a good warm robe and keep warm when riding. Large assortment to select from. Horse blankets, etc. de 14 Reno Manufacturing Co.

**Metzra.**  
Came to my ranch Saturday, December 19th, six horses; one bay, one black and four pintos; branded on left hip E. C. Owner can have same by proving property and paying all charges. de 1111

**Fred Kilne.**  
Has engaged with the Reno Manufacturing Company to make and repair harness, saddles, etc. at the lowest prices in Reno. Give him a call. de 1115

**Wanted.**  
A single man wants to rent a cabin or small room furnished for house keeping during the winter. Address "H" this office.

**Meat Notice.**  
Meating, Cook stores and ranges of all prices and varieties at LANGE & SCHMIDT'S.

**For Sale.**  
The Bank of Nevada offers for sale the Jack O'Brien ranch, situated near Wadsworth on the Truckee river. This is a rare chance to buy a good ranch cheap. Address, Bank of Nevada, Reno, Nevada.

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**Musical Instruction.**  
Beginning with Monday, August 17th, I will take a class in music, piano or organ lessons. For terms apply at my home on Fifth street, between Nevada and Balston. MISS MAMIE B. DUBER.

**JUST RECEIVED,**

**A Fine Lot of**

**Imported**

**HAIR BRUSHES**

**At HODGKINSON'S**

**Drug Store.**

**A. H. MANNING,**

Dealer in

**STOVES, RANGES, HARDWARE,**

And Farm Implements of All Kinds.

Fixed Paints, White Lead, Varnish, Oil.

Plumbing and Gas Fitting at reasonable rates. Three doors south of First National Bank, on Virginia street, Reno, Nev. Jan 1

**MISS E. LUKE,**

**FEATHERS CLEANED, DYED**

**AND CURLED.**

Straw Hats Cleaned, Pressed and Dyed to Order.

At W. J. Luke's residence, North Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada.

**HENRY RUHE,**

Dealer in

**FAMILY GROCERIES,**

GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS,

Vegetables, Fresh Fish, Eastern Oysters, Tobacco, Etc.

Goods delivered free of charge to all parts of the city. Commercial Row, near Masonic Building, Reno, Nev. Jan 1

**GRAND MASQUE BALL.**

Will be given at Armory Hall in Reno on

**CHRISTMAS NIGHT, DEC. 25.**

Admission 50 cents. A glance at the prices on exhibition in the show window of Fredrick's jewelry store, to be given away, will show that the managers are sparing no expense to make this ball the attraction of the season. de 110

**W. N. KNOX.**

**REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE AGENT,**

Representing a capital of over \$50,000,000. Also agent for

**PIANOS AND ORGANS.**

Sold for cash or on the installment plan. Office, Virginia Street, Reno, Nev.

**F. C. UPDYKE,**

**HOUSE SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.**

All kinds of painting, etc., to order. Kalsomining and Tinting in all colors.

**FRESHING IN CITY STYLES.**

Fancy Papering and Decorating a Specialty. I strive to please. Shop on Second St., two doors East of Bank Building, Reno, Nevada. Jan 1

**MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE**

CORNER of Virginia Street and Commercial Row.

**DUSEN CHURCH, Proprietor.**

The Finest of WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS.

Call and see me. my 9

**THE BANK OF NEVADA,**

RENO, NEVADA.  
Capital Stock, fully subscribed, - - - \$800,000.

## SUNDERLAND'S ADVERTISEMENT.

**JOHN SUNDERLAND'S CHRISTMAS GOODS.**  
New, Neat and Nobby! The Latest! The Latest!  
**THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.**

Men's Fine Clothing, from \$8.00 to \$20.00  
Youths', from 14 to 18 years from 6.00 to 12.00  
Boys', from 10 to 14 years from 5.00 to 10.00  
Children's, from 4 to 10 years from 2.50 to 5.00  
Men's Underwear, per suit from 1.00 to 5.00  
Men's Ties in Windsors, Ticks, 4-in-hand, from .25 to 1.00

Also a Fine Stock of Silk Mufflers, Silk and Initial Handkerchiefs in Great Variety.

**THE LATEST SHADES AND COLORS IN**

**Stetson's and Roelof's Fine Hats.**

In Shoes we are full of Good and Nice Things for

**Christmas Presents,**

Consisting of the Very Nicest EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS for Men, Ladies, Misses and Children; also a fine assortment of

**Fine French Kid and Kangaroo,**

**Bright Dongola and Cureso Kid,**

In the Latest Styles. I cannot enumerate all the different goods I carry, but if you want anything in my line, if you call at the store you will be sure







